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ECHOES FROM
THE WHITE ALOE

BY
HENRY NELSON BULLARD

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BY THE OLD WHITE ALOE

Swift the happy moments pass away,
Fast to night doth turn our youthful day,
Let us gather closely now and say
 What we can to hallow
For the future time the mem'ries dear,
While the ghosts of pleasures past appear,
Of the days we've spent together here
 By the old White Aloe.

Sad indeed the thought of parting seems,
Though ahead a distant brightness gleams
Welcome as the promise of our dreams
 On the old White Aloe.

In these last few melancholy days
All the future's dimmed by present haze;
Backward, seldom forward turns our gaze
 By the old White Aloe.

Still it is a foolish way to do—
Spoil with vain regret the forward view
And forget the many friendships true
 That will ever hallow
All the present days. Come, let us tell,
While our mem'ries o'er us cast a spell,
Of the many friends we've known so well
 By the old White Aloe.

Friends, farewell, farewell, we now must part
Tears are in the eye, and tears in heart.
Yes, we go, but friendship doth but start
 By the old White Aloe.

MY SORROWED LIFE

Crack, a struggle, and the shell fell off;
Quick the light shone through.
Sudden wonder and amazement came;
All was strange and new.

As I stepped upon my new-found legs
What a goose I felt.
I had only but a new home found—
In a coop I dwelt.

All around me did the chickens lie,
I, a gosling lass.
And my mother was no goose at all—
But a hen, alas!

Days passed onward but my feet were webbed,
I was out of place.
Still I scrambled with the chicks for food
Though of diverse race.

But one morning came the awful scene
Which I'll ne'er forget;
At the bottom of the hill I saw
A small pool all wet!

With a sudden and a joyous hiss
I set off to run.
And the others all came running too
Down to see the fun.

In we went without a single thought—
In the water cool.
Oh! how I enjoyed the sudden bath
In that pretty pool.

But, alas! when I got out again
Where were all those chicks?
Nothing could be seen but just their legs
Sticking up like sticks.

So my life is filled with vain remorse,
How I long for peace!
How much happier would my life have been
If they had been geese!

THE WHITE ALOE

Rippling, sweetly rippling,
 Little mountain song,
Gently, gently gliding
 Peacefully along—
List to the White Aloe
 And its mountain song.

Tearing, madly tearing,
 Roaring in the storm,
Like a mighty giant's
 Terrible dread form—
Fear the wild White Aloe
 In the thund'ring storm.

Sometimes fierce and awful
 Like the swooping hawk,
Sudden in its bursting,
 Quiet then to mock—
Trust not the White Aloe,
 Treacherous as the hawk.

Peaceful now its ripples
 Like the morning dawn,
With no thought of torrent
 At your feet to fawn—
Fair is the White Aloe
 In the morning dawn.

Ever many memories
 In my mind will play
Of the swelling torrent,
 Of the streamlet gay,
Of the glad White Aloe,
 Smiling in its play.

LULLABY

Sleep, sleep my baby,
Sleep, oh sleep.
Mother is waiting near;
She will not leave thee, dear,
So sleep without a fear,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Hush, hush my darling,
Hush, oh hush.
Peacefully close thy eyes,
As daylight slowly dies;
I'll come if baby cries,
Hush, my darling, hush.

Dream, dream my baby,
Dream, oh dream.
May thy dreams happy be,
And from all sorrow free;
Mother is watching thee,
Dream, my baby, dream.

Rest, rest, my baby,

Rest, oh rest.

Angels look from above

With tender, watchful love

Guarding thee well, my dove,

Rest, my darling, rest.

JUST ACROSS FROM KANSAS

Hot and close and sultry
 Burning off the grass!
How we wish the summer
 Would more quickly pass
Till a cool breeze fans us
Just across from Kansas.

Many are the pleasures,
 Spite of all the heat,
That the summer brings us
 Though we plan retreat
From the sun that tans us
Till a cool breeze fans us.

Cold and dark and freezing
 Winter's icy blast!
How much time we're wasting
 Wishing it were past.
How the cold unmans us
Just across from Kansas.

Yet it is the winter
 Brings the glassy ice
And we spend the hot days
 Dreading mercury's rise
Till a cool breeze fans us
Just across from Kansas.

AT THE ANNUAL BALL GIVEN UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
INDEPENDENT MERMAIDS

As soon as the clamshells began to close
The invited maidens set out with their beaux
And hurried along so as not to be late.

For the clams all retire at a quarter to eight,
And at eight the dancing was sure to begin
With laughter and rollicking clamor and din.

Now this was the dance to which every one went
Who was ever on fun or jollity bent.
All the girls who on Saturday evening you see
Swimming and diving and flirting and free,
And all the young men so gallant and gay
Who sit up all night and sleep all the day,
Both handsome and homely, beautiful—all
Are sure to be out at the Annual Ball.

The music was fine and the dancing was great
And all went on smoothly till finally Kate,
 The pride of the ocean, the queen of the sea,
 Had a dance with John Lobster—a dandy was he!
All dressed in a dress-suit of satin dark green
As handsome a lobster as ever was seen.

But she danced him so hard and so long that the
 heat

Turned that beautiful lobster as red as a beet.
The excitement that followed was awful, for all
The illustrious guests in Sea Bottom Hall
 Were rattled, and one in his fright set his heel
 On the delicate tail of th' electrical eel
And instantly darkness descended o'er all
And that was the end of the Annual Ball.

SONNET

I

TO HER SMILE

I'll ne'er forget when first you passed my way
And first I saw that sunny smile so sweet.
I turned and followed fast on willing feet
And printed on my mind the hour, the day.
I had been sad before but then was gay
When I felt sure my questioning glance did meet
An answering look that told me you would treat
My boldness kindly and with smiles repay.
I stand and gaze into those sweet blue eyes
And feel all sorrow is assuaged at last
As noonday sun the morning dewdrop dries
And warms this whirling ball, the damp night past.
I now can dare to boast of this my prize—
The right to cause your smile, I'll e'er hold fast.

SONNET

II

TO A FRIEND

A cloud oppressed me and I felt alone;
I knew not why upon me did descend
That gloom. I felt deprived of every friend.
And then I thought of you. A clear sweet tone,
Sounding aloud through all the discord grown
So common in my heart that without end
The dread despondency increased, did send
Assurance that there was a friend, mine own.
Ah, love is meant to cheer the weary soul!
So when I feel discouraged and downcast
I turn not to the Persian's sparkling bowl,
I rise and gladly clasp affection fast
And feel that you, though ages swiftly roll,
Will be a faithful friend unto the last.

THE GORILLA'S PREDICAMENT

There was a Gorilla of desert-wide fame,
Of hideous face, and most muscular frame,
 Who went for a visit to Congo Free State,
 Sent for by his monarch, King Leo the Great.
He was one of a party made up for the trip—
Crocodile, with his great alligator-skin grip;
 And that large dripping animal there at his side,
 With a bag of tough Hippopotamus hide;
And towering o'er all was the elephant's head,
Dyed early that morning a beautiful red.
 Their guide was an ape from Timbuctoo,
 Whose face wore a tired and thin look, too,
Who seemed to keep watch on the elephant there,
And again and again would tear his hair
 And mutter when no one was looking as though
 He would kill him quick could he bigger grow.

All went on in peace, for a week or more
When the elephant came in all covered with gore,
And out of his mouth hung the tail of an ape.
Then the guide, with his face twisted all out of
shape,
Leaped straight with a roar at the elephant's head—
New reddened with blood of the ape that was dead.
Deep into the tenderest part of the beast
He buried his teeth and never released
His grip, till the elephant, snorting with pain,
Dashed away in the desert and never again
Were they seen by the party who hunted all day,
But both guide and companions were vanished
away.
All were lost in the desert, alone in the sand,
With no one to lend them a beckoning hand.
In the worst fix of all, the Gorilla was placed—
'Twas far the worst problem he ever had faced
And his tail curled in fright, as he thought of the fate
That awaited him surely in Congo Free State.
So he drowned all his sorrow by getting real drunk
For he'd packed all his clothes in the elephant's
trunk.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

I sat alone at twilight
And dreamed over my books.
It seemed to me I wandered
Near sweetly singing brooks.
I thought they spoke in language
I'd never heard before;
But yet I knew the message
And longed to gather more
Of the flowers beside the water
That seemed the spoken words
Let fall by the brook beside me.
Above the brook the birds
Were surely speaking to me.
The very stones awoke
And seemed to add their voices.
At once all nature broke
Into a wild glad chorus
Accompanied by the trees
With all their branches waving
In answer to the breeze.

I ne'er had heard those voices
 Until that summer night;
A scene like that had never
 Spread out before my sight;
But I knew at once the meaning
 Of words, of notes, of tune
And I dreamed of all I longed for
 That silent night in June.
I had read of Shakespeare's forest;
 I had longed to visit there
Amid the trees of Arden
 Beside the clear brooks, where
One feels the touch of nature,
 And knows as he is known;
Where all of the best within us
 Answers in perfect tone
To every song of heaven,
 To every thought below,
To all earth's joy and gladness,
 To every call of woe.

Go not to seek the Forest;
 It is no distant goal.
Ideal, a dream, but real,
 It lies within your soul.

DECEMBER

Remember, remember the month of December,
And all that it brings us of joy and good cheer,
Its sleighing and riding, its skating and sliding,
The pleasures it gives as it closes the year.
As yearly it meets us with gladness it greets us
And tells us that Christmas is drawing quite near
With mistletoe, holly, and company jolly,
And all the rejoicing of this time of year.
'Tis the time of all seasons which has the best reasons
For making us merry and free from all care,
For where is the fellow whose heart does not mellow,
At sight of the turkey and Christmas-tide fare.
Though raining or blowing, though freezing or snow-
ing,
We're now going home to spend Christmas time
there,
With father and mother and sister and brother,
Relations and friends, all for whom we most care.
From our College cares turning, the Yule log, bright
burning,
Will keep from our fireside the storm bleak and
drear.
For Santa Claus binds us wherever he finds us,
To spend with our loved ones these holidays dear.

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